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Republicans to Purchase NBC TV Netw



ident Richard Nixon (center) noff, Director of NBC, after sale of party contrataule David Sar- TV network to Republican Party.

Hint of Prime Time Nixon Mentioned

United Press International
Sammy Davis, Jr., head of Public Relations for President Nixon disclosed today that negotiations for the purchase of the National Broadcasting Company (NBC) by the Republican Party have been finalized.

Regular broadcasting schedules would continue as usual except for "one minor change," Mr. Davis said. "The Sunday morning program 'Meet the Press' will now be called 'Meet the Prez.'

"Of course there will be plenty of primetime special broadcasts of national interest featuring the President." The general American public is encouraged to look for these programs and Neilson ratings will be taken to reinforce political opinions.

At the end of all special interest programs a questionnaire will be shown so that

the audience can voice their opinions and consent of these entertaining shows. One needs only fill out a three by five card (although a letter form is preferred) and mail it to a special, new, ten-acre warehouse in Missouri.

The mail will be stored there in a haphazard fashion allowing the President to go through there at anytime and sort through the responses. All postage will be paid by the United States Government.

The President plans to have the network carry re-runs of his past speeches and will screen all new speeches in private three times before letting them be aired. Davis went on to add that "Mr. Nixon has been considering the purchase since his first appearance on National Television as the President.

"A host of stars will be included during President

Nixon's twice weekly show. Those already contracted include: John Wayne, George C. Scott, Bob Hope, Raquel Welch, Doris Day, Ronald McDonald, and, of course, myself."

Asked as to the feasibility of showing television documentaries such as NET's "An American Family," Mr. Davis replied, "I think we would have to find a family more representative of the American way of life."

Certain daytime shows will be switched to evening hours to allow for more representative viewing, among which programs would be "The Dating Game," "Let's Make a Deal" (which has moved the President to tears on several occasions), "Search for Tomorrow," and the President's favorite, "Truth or Consequences" with Bob Barker.

See NBC B4 Col. 1

Mr. Nixon exchanged pleasantries with the director of the Observatory, L'Enfant Murchison, and asked him how he thought the Washington Redskins would do this year.

See ECLIPSE B4 Col. 1

Two Years Later

Mood Still Dark

By Haste Johnson

Washington Post Staff Writer

In Keokuk, Iowa, the little shoe repairman holds the tattered piece of cardboard in his gnarled fingers and slowly shakes his head.

"It came back with one of my shirts from the laundry," he sadly proclaims, "and I punched a hole in it with a pin."

That was two years ago, two long, tortuous years, and now he dearly wishes he could use that piece of cardboard again.

So does the rest of his family.

It's been 24 months, almost to the day, since the nation experienced its last solar eclipse, and it is an event not likely to be soon forgotten by Mr. and Mrs. America. Or their offspring.

For Fred Bartholomew, an oriental rug salesman in Bayse, Virginia, the entire thing is painfully etched in his mind.

He missed it. Bartholomew, unfortunately, thought the eclipse was

"You mean the sun actually came back out after that?" mused one thoughtfully. "I been nodding for so long I didn't even realize it."

"Far out," quipped another.

President Nixon spent a quiet day with his family at Camp David and later put in a call to the staff of the Mount Palomar Observatory,

congratulating them on their work during the eclipse. "All America was proud of you," he said. "And I was too. I'm sure everyone joins me in a fervent prayer that another one is on the horizon. Metaphorically speaking."

At the Free Universal Church, a gathering place for scruffy, long-haired youths, several of them mulled over the erstwhile titanic happening.

"It was bad timing," he confesses.

By Carl Woodward and Bob Bernstein
Washington Post Staff Writers

The adverse publicity concerning the luxury Watergate Apartments is beginning to bug residents, according to an angry resident group calling itself "Watergate or Else" (WOE).

WOE spokesman Winslow Fawnsworth said yesterday that "normal, honest residents of the Watergate are quite upset that the furor concerning a few events within the build-

Watergate Need Pressure Seen

ing in the past is destroying their prestige. He said that WOE will take its case to court, if necessary.

"There's no doubt we're bugged that all this hubbub about wiretapping has hurt our images as residents of the most exclusive living quarters in the city," Fawnsworth said at the late afternoon press conference. "It's just plain unfair. Our friends don't want to trust us, even our closest relations have been afraid to

TUESDAY, MARCH 27, 1973

B1

Poster

Comic-kaze

A Commentary

By Nicholas Von Hoffman

As a result of our latest ten year tragedy, an awful lot of people are homeless. But the first case of hopelessness has just become apparent on the West Coast in the person of Jerry Goldfarb.

To a lot of television viewers, the name of Jerry Goldfarb is probably not going to ring any bells, because when his name goes flying across the screen, most viewers are either in the bathroom or the kitchen. Jerry Goldfarb is, or was, until recently, one of a stable of comedy writers for Bob Hope, the Trooper's trooper. (Now that the wars are over, Hope has seriously begun to think of retiring, or at least of cutting down appearances to five or six a year for selected National Guard riot-duty units.)

Goldfarb's troubles stem from an idea he came up with while watching the continuing series "Prisoners of War," already in reruns. He can't remember now exactly what made the idea click in his head, but there it was, the next craze, someday to rival hula-hoops and yo-yos. What was the inspiration? POW jokes.

Now, some will probably immediately jump to the defense of our returning heroes. It's been hard adjusting to years of change, and jobs are not easy to find, even when you're a hero. Some POWs have gotten jobs throwing out first balls at various season openings and basketball tournaments, but those openings are few and far between. Understandably, the prospect of a flurry of POW jokes did not appear to Hope to be either promising or appropriate. Nevertheless, he agreed to listen to samples of the material, for if the whole thing could be brought off with the proper amount of good taste, Hope was gungho to be the first.

Goldfarb wasted no time. He visited various amputee wards, talking to those who had been fortunate enough to not get captured and detained. Mostly, these men proved to be humorless, as well as armless, legless, etc. Between those who were willing to speak and those who could, he came up with only one joke ("How can you tell a POW at a wedding?" "He's the one eating rice off the floor.")

Not at all satisfied, Goldfarb went to several VFW halls and to several American Legion halls. Again, very little luck. "What do you call a black POW?" "Nigger."

Not getting anywhere on the outside, Goldfarb went back into his own background as a comedy writer and resurrected an old, and some thought, outdated routine. ("What do you call a Polish POW?" "An upward-achiever.")

While all this was going on, Hope was searching out new ideas for television specials, now that his annual Christmas special was on its way out. His first step was to whiten-up and tighten-up the once prestigious Mardi Gras, to be followed by an Easter special from Jerusalem. (It's hard to get those war zones out of your blood.) In all his plans, there started being less room for remembrance of things past. Thus, when Goldfarb came to him with his new routines, Hope exploded. Witnesses say he totally lost control, accusing Goldfarb of being the Rosenberg's long-lost son and a traitor to both his country and his union.

It's been six weeks now, and Goldfarb has stuck to his guns. Like Daniel Ellsberg, he has refused to divulge specific sources of his material for fear of reprisals. He has continued to write one-liners and is presently putting the finishing touches on a three-act comedy dealing with a platoon of quadriplegics trying to find employment in baseball's National League as first, second and third bases (there's a bit about knowing for sure whether the base runner stepped on the bag). But Goldfarb knows that he'll probably never see the play performed. Hope has put the word out on him, and the future is not very bright. The union claims he's one card they can't find in their files.

The whole story has been sold to Public Television, which is planning to film a twelve-part documentary using the Loud family, with Lance playing The Prisoners of War. But filming doesn't start till spring, and till then Jerry Goldfarb has had to switch from one-liners to long unemployment lines. While the rest of the nation jumps for joy, at least one comedy writer is mighty bummed out. I hope you are too, by the time you finish this.

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Let Them Eat PB&J

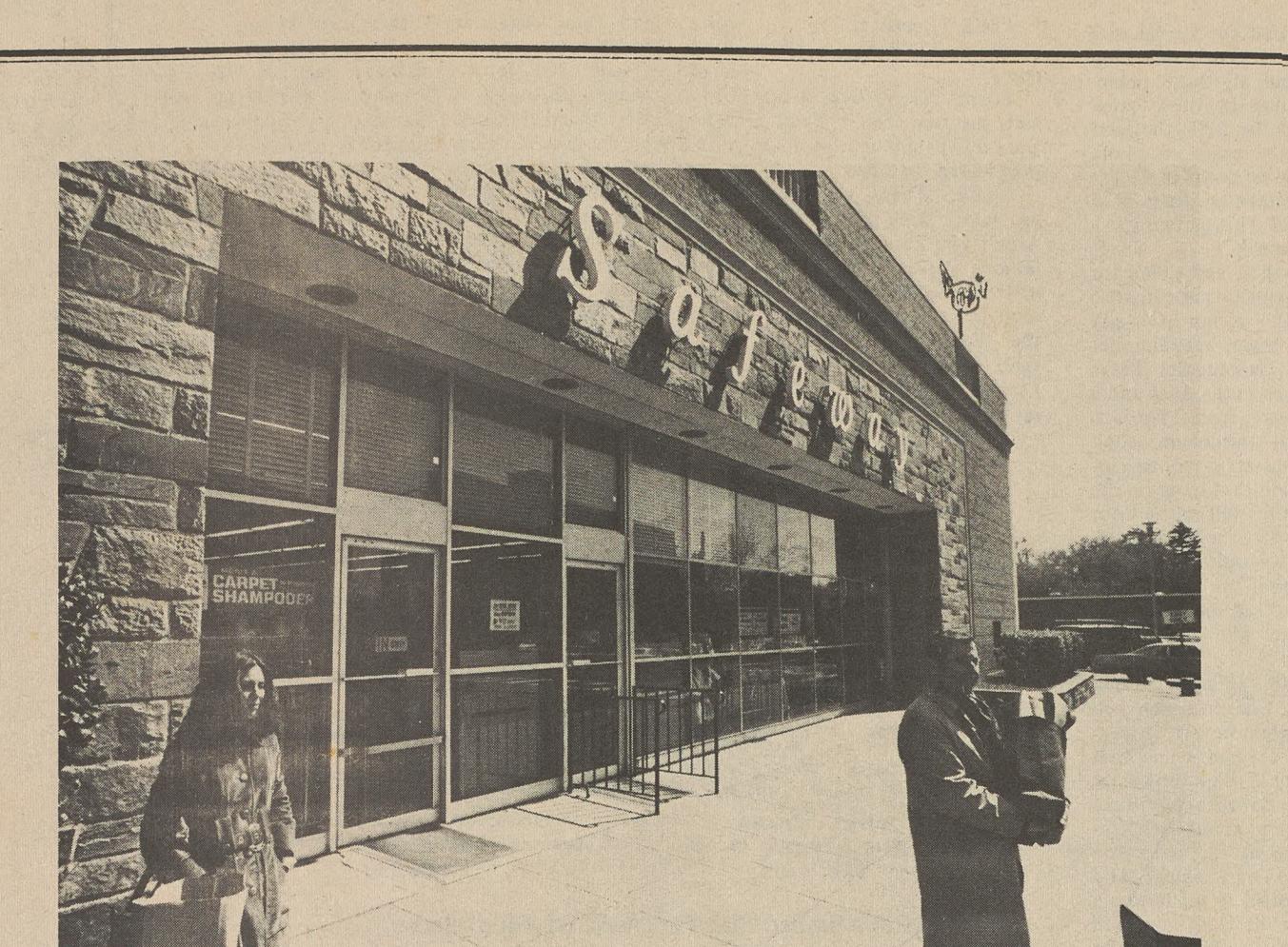
ALAMOGORDO (AP) — public look a little closer into Mrs. Virginia Knauer, Consumer Affairs consultant for stiffs.

the Administration, has offered her suggestions to consumers in an effort to improve the personal diet in the current crisis in meat retail prices.

Mrs. Knauer, in an address to the Regional Association of Cattlemen, told the will be able to meet the audience of 32,000 gamey creased demand on beef stockmen that the crisis in piles by finding alternate meat prices has been brought sources. Actually, peanut butter by the consuming public is one of the more nutritious. They just want too much tious sources of protein we meat," Mrs. Knauer said.

The only way that this problem could be met, she giving several recommendations, "would be for the tions for menus featuring this public to find less expensive concentrated protein source, meat substitutes." Fish, she including "Duck a la Peanut advised, would be an ideal Butter." "Cacahuet force" source for this required pro- and the American standard, tein, but there did exist a Peanut Butter and Jelly. This concomitant possibility of latter, advised the consultant, mercury, arsenic, tapetalium, "just goes to show that there strontium and vanadium poi is still much truth to be found soning, as well as a chance of in old-time folk remedies, "simple lead poisoning."

Just as the Chinese seemed to following a time-honored know what they were doing tradition, started in the 18th with ginger and mung beans, Century by a prominent our fine country has shown French stateswoman, Mrs. Knauer suggested that the



Noted Georgetown architecture applied to supermarket front.



Supergraphics and clever displays aid shoppers.

Georgetown Safeway Design is Food for Thought

By Wolf Von Egghead

One of the most outstanding examples of a modern commercial structure in a densely-populated urban residential neighborhood is the Georgetown Safeway Store.

Constructed only a few years ago, the building has not yet received the publicity in architectural circles it should have for its blending of function, design, tradition-within-change in a most fortuitous manner. At least by me it has not received an imprimatur, which I shall now bestow.

See, dumbos, the Georgetown Safeway is really a building within a building. It has its outside structure and its inside structure. Some of you can probably guess that the inside resembles a grocery market. Well, in fact, it is a

grocery market. Ah, but the outside! The outside is, in reality, four walls and a roof.

Leading international and American architects of commercial buildings often ignore the surrounding community surroundings, so to speak, in constructing, on the most vulgar side, something like a "Golden Arches" hamburger stand between two neo-Gothic churches, or less reprehensible, two neo-Gothic churches around a hamburger stand. If you get my point.

In any event, it is interesting to analyze the design of the outside of the Georgetown Safeway, within the *ambiance* of the surrounding houses and homes and stuff. First of all, to the ignorant outsider, the structure might be taken for an example of

fake Colonial style.

Actually, as any sharp architectural critic like myself would tell you, and in fact I will, it is really an example of fake Renaissance style, which historically was an attempt to adapt the beauty of ancient Roman architecture to modern needs, as the 14 architecture books spread out on my desk explain. The Louvre in Paris is a fine example, as is the chateau of Blois and even St. Paul's Cathedral in London.

In America, and, in fact locally, one can see the Renaissance style in Washington's home at Mount Vernon and Independence Hall in Philadelphia. And of course, the Georgetown Safeway, with its brick and white wood trim, the fake decorative pillars and

the cute little cupola on top.

Around the gorgeous structure are period homes and apartments dating back to the 18th Century, most of which are under-repaired and over-priced. Isn't it nifty how it fits in, parking lot and all? Of course, some might argue that no Renaissance structure had signs in its windows advertising half-gallons of sauerkraut and five-pound rolls of ground beef, but then again, how are they so sure? And as far as the shop talk about it being much too large and windowless, except for the front, resembling an expensive warehouse, may I quote the famous Afro-Irish American-Tibetan architect Hysung Roosevelt O'Day: "More is more."

In America, and, in fact locally, one can see the Renaissance style in Washington's home at Mount Vernon and Independence Hall in Philadelphia. And of course, the Georgetown Safeway, with its brick and white wood trim, the fake decorative pillars and

A Day in The Life of Otto The Praire Dog

By Phil Cagey

Some reporters would work for peanuts to cover the zoo beat. There's been nothing more challenging than trying to delicately write about two pandas finally getting it on. Of course, the beat can be a stinky business, as those swingers over in the monkey house have demonstrated, and sometimes there is the threat of overexposure. But other creatures understand all too well their show business role; you'd think some of them, like the elephants, were born in a trunk, so to speak.

Most of the time, though, things are fairly quiet around the zoo and, on an off-news day, one has to go out and dig for a good story. That's how I met Otto. Otto, Otto the Prairie Dog, that is, has been at the zoo for five years. His formal name is *Cynomys ludovicianus*, but he prefers Otto. Who wouldn't with a last name that ends, as it were, with such embarrassing connotations. Anyway, Otto's been trying to go under the big wall ever since he was

floated in from Caliente, Nevada.

Otto's keeper, Arnold "Big Pen" Rodente, thinks Otto is a malcontent. "Same old story . . . country boy comes to the big city expecting prairies paved with gold," Rodente said. "Otto found out quick you either knockle under or go underground."

For years, Otto tried to dig tunnels that would take him to freedom. "For the first two years, Otto dug toward Connecticut Avenue, but without any outside con-

nections, he kept coming up in the predatory bird cage, and, after a few nasty near-misses with the condors, he gave up," Rodente explained.

Then Otto turned to drugs. "The depression was getting him down, and he found some strange bush — one of those kola nut trees brought in by some dignitary. He turned into a speed freak," Rodente said.

Otto finally did escape — taking a route toward 16th Street — and ended up at the Post. I found him chirping

non-stop to an open sewer cover. He looked haggard, and his cheeks were puffed with kola nuts.

Conversation was hard going, but after a few hours, bits and pieces of his story became clear. He didn't really want to go back to Nevada. He'd grown too city-wise. He escaped to let the BPDA (Bureau of Prairie Dog Affairs) know he and many like him were being overlooked at the zoo. Nobody ever crowded around his replica prairie. He said the garter snake, the

cow, all the domestic animals, all the hard-working, everyday, non-exotic animals were being overlooked.

I told him I'd give him a lift to the BPDA so he could make a formal protest. But just then my editor came out of the building and accused me of talking to a rat.

"Talking to rats again, eh Cagey?" was what he said. He decided today to put me on administrative leave with full pay. Said he'd let me know when a big story came up,

CORPORAL PUNISHMENT

White House Youngman

By Art Bullwald

I've been afraid to mention this in my column before now, but it appears that the Nixon Administration is mounting an attack against what they refer to as "unnecessary bias in newsreporting." Already there are rumors of reporters being called before grand juries to testify as to the sources of their information. Apparently the administration has fingered the *San Souci* restaurant as one of the more popular hot spots for reporters to get some inside tips on Richard M. and there have been threats of prosecuting — under the Hatch Act — government employees who eat there.

Clay T. Hammerhead, the White House communications specialist, told me that these reprisals against the press were "just the beginning." He predicted massive jailings of unfair newsmen (especially the guys who do the weather reports, "they never have any good news to report") and a re-definition of First Amendment rights and who exactly has those rights.

"The President has had it up to here with knee-jerk liberal reporters and their bleeding-heart editors. From now on we play tough, no more open press conferences with Richard. No more invigorating dialogues between Ron Zeigler and the White House Press Corps. That era is over."

"But how are reporters supposed to get their stories after this happens?"

"We, of course, have that angle covered," Hammerhead replied. "Instead of subjecting Ron Zeigler to overly hostile reporters who are often unduly rude and noisy, future press conferences will be handled by an ITT 17PNC Model II readout computer. Members of the White House Communications Corps will carefully select questions each day to prepare for release to the press and the general public. These questions and their carefully selected answers will be fed into the computer which will, in turn, produce a print-out sheet that will be given to any reporters present on that particular day."

"But that," I said, "eliminates the need for a White House Press Corps. What are you going to do about all of those reporters out of a job?"

"Glad you asked that," Hammerhead chuckled as he warmly kicked me in the stomach. "Us boys at the White House figured we could hire some of the reporters as extra chauffeurs for the President and his staff. And, what with all the parties Henry attends, we need a few extra drivers. The ones we have now are getting mighty tired of driving Henry's dates home at 3:00 in the morning. We've lost more than one good driver on those early morning shuttles."

By now I was feeling none too good. "What happens to me?" I asked. "Does this mean my column has to end?"

Hammerhead smiled and a soft chortle escaped his lips. "You don't have to worry about a thing, Art. All of us at the White House are kind of fond of you, even the President. You haven't done anything to offend us: you've implied a few things, but nothing serious. We know it's all in fun. Anyway, 'What's life without a little humor?' I always say. You know, Art, we refer to you as the 'Henny Youngman of journalism.'"

Thanking Mr. Hammerhead for his time and patience, I returned home to my typewriter. I was confident that I still had a job, for at least four more years.

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INSIDE STALE

NUTRITION

Administration consumer consultant Virginia Knauer told cattle growers yesterday that Americans "want too much meat" and has suggested instead that they eat peanut butter as an alternative way of furnishing necessary protein.

FILM

Film critic Guile Arnold feels that Selznick's new film starring Clark Gable and Vivien Leigh is so insubstantial that it goes with the wind.

FASHION

Fashion writer Hyina S. Nyde writes from New York that the new look for spring is the return of the bosom. She adds that all the top designers are emphasizing bras as well as cut-out dots for the new season.

ROCK

Rock writer Tom Zit reviews an 80-year-old guitarist, Danny Ray Wraycott, who might not only play better than anyone else in the world, but also might have invented the guitar.

Elizabeth Ashen, Ophelia And The Good Old Days

By Tom Diddilly

"My corpuscles are killing me," said Elizabeth Ashen. "I have never worked so hard in my life. And the pay is lousy. Only 45¢ bucks a week for this dreadful job. Can you beat that? I'm working my fingers to the bone in that two-bit mausoleum you Hicks call the Kennedy Center and my health is failing fast. And to top it all off, I discovered my husband Morris wearing my panties last night and prancing through the lobby of the Howard Johnson's Motor Lodge. Say, you're not writing this down, are you?"

I said, "No I'm not." Miss Ashen, who probably prefers to be called "Ms. Ashen," if you know what I mean — she's one of *those* — was sitting on a loveseat in her suite at the Watergate Hotel, or was it the Shoreham. I didn't notice, sipping Dry Sack, or was it Harvey's Bristol Cream, from a Dixie Cup, or was it a crystal goblet? From time to time there were loud screams from the bathroom, but I thought it best not to mention them. Miss Ashen was cuddling her four pomeranians to her bosom. She was wearing a fifth pomeranian, or so it seemed to these tired old eyes. Miss, or should I say "Ms." Ashen had just come from a rehearsal of *Ophelia!* a musical version of *Hamlet* with a score by Stephen Schwatze. Director A.J. Typhoon has updated the play to Bimiji, Minnesota, in the late 1940's.

I said, "Why can't they just leave the old plays the way they found them? They were good enough for us back in the Depression and they should be good enough for us now. It seems to me high time we stopped playing havoc with the classics and left well enough alone. They just don't make anything like they used to."

Miss Ashen said, "Hand me that sherry bottle, will you Ducky?"

I said, "And the movies they're making nowadays. All that gloomy, doomy stuff. You take that *Cries and Whispers*. There's not a laugh in it. Not a single hummable song. And Liv Ullman is certainly no Gloria DeHaven."

Miss Ashen swooned in surprise. She said, "You men are all alike. You all think you're hot stuff just because one of you invented the light bulb. Oh God! That's where civilization took a wrong turn — that cursed light bulb. When people started paying for light, for something as natural as that, that's when we all at that, that's when we started losing control of our own bodies. That's when men started running roughshod over women, turning them into objects of prey and conquest. You aren't taking notes? What kind of reporter are you?"

I said, "What kind did you think I would be?"

She said, "Oh, I don't know."

I said, "Well, there you are."

She said, "Well, I guess I am. Pass me that gin bottle, will you honey?"

Two of her pomeranians began to whine. I said, "They just don't make dogs the way they used to. Now, in my day, nobody would have been caught dead on the street with one of *those*. Anybody who was anybody had either

a wire-haired fox terrier or a pekingese. I remember Guy Kibbe and all those pekingeses he had in those great movies of the 30's, the kind they don't make anymore because everybody in Hollywood is either on drugs or in withdrawal. This certainly is a sick old world."

Miss Ashen had called for her Norwegian masseur, who entered the room in a silk robe and began kneading her flesh with his knuckles. There was a knock at the door and a blind priest from Toronto came into the room, took three shots at a painting of Lord Nelson that hung on the wall and then fell to the floor in a kind of epileptic seizure. I thought it would be best not to mention it.

I said, "Tell me, Miss Ashen, do you like playing off-beat roles?"

She said, "Oh, more dumb questions. I haven't seen you take a single note yet."

I said, "It seems to me that these offbeat roles don't have much to do with anything. Nobody cares about such horrid people as the ones you have played on the stage. And your husband is no better. I remember the time he played that stubborn old critic who never let anybody else get a word in edgewise or any otherwise-wise. I ask you, who could believe such a character?"

Miss Ashen said, "Well —" and I said, "It's just too ridiculous to be believed. You have to have people on the stage who make sense, who do things that normal and sane people do. You can't just have all kinds of kooks and weird types up there carrying on and then come out and say that the whole thing is some kind of satire on humanity. The very idea! It's the most ridiculous thing I ever heard."

It seemed to me that Miss Ashen was a very opinionated woman. You know, one of *those*. So I said, "Maybe you should keep your opinions to yourself."

She said, "Look out! You are burning my foot with that cigarette of yours." She began to curse and scream at the top of her voice. One of her pomeranians took the occasion to bite her on the leg and she began to bleed profusely all over the couch. Soon, her lingerie, or whatever she was wearing, I didn't notice, began to drip with blood.

I said, "Of course, it's too much to expect from a playwright that he have a beginning, a middle and an end in his plays. I suppose I'm old fashioned because I like to go to the theater and see stories that make sense and tell about real people like the kind I know in journalism — people who behave sensibly and don't run about like chickens with their heads cut off."

Miss Ashen's masseur keeled over and died of heart failure.

I said, "Now you take *Lilac Time*. There was a show. That had everything, but does anybody learn from that? No. They like to do all those sick things about abnormal people and contrived situations. Of course, *Lilac Time* was no *Chu Chin Chow*. There was a show. It had warmth and intelligence. There was some style to it."

Miss Ashen said, "Jesus Christ, I need a fix." She

I said, "I guess so." She said, "Well, good bye now."

I said, "Good bye. It was nice meeting you." Then I was down stairs and the door man hailed me a cab.

I said, "Thank you," and he said, "You're welcome. Aren't you Tom Diddilly, the famous critic?" I said, "As a fact, yes. Didn't you used to be Langston Lamont?"

I said, "I'm not. I'm a blind priest from Toronto."

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HOT FLASHES

Venus Flytrap Eats Burgers

By *Thumb Stevenson*

Now that warm weather time is almost here, bringing with it its swarms of insect pests, home gardeners might consider raising and training the Venus Flytrap (*Dionaea muscipula*), a handy little plant guaranteed to rid your home of flies, mosquitoes, ants, roaches, waterbugs, and other pest insects.

Of course, as with all houseplants, one cannot simply purchase a Flytrap, sit it in the windowsill and expect it to perform as directed. One must nurture the plant and spend time training it every day. For starters, you might try ground hamburger, (ground turkey meat works too, and is usually cheaper). Place the meat morsel on a toothpick and touch the center of the plant. It should soon get the point. After a few days of ground meat, you might try a few dead flies, or

poor *Dionaea* went bananas and turned very vicious. Also, do not stand any plastic flowers near your plant. Eating these can be a pitiful problem. And keep an eye out for your cat's paws.

Of course, I recommend singing or talking softly to your plants.

roaches on the toothpick.

Then a few live ones. A friend of mine recommended canned sardines. In no time at all your plants will be nipping at everything that flies by.

A few words of caution: do not tease your flytrap. One flytrap owner I knew chained a live mouse just out of reach of his plant. The

Next week, in my column: You too can grow your own one-and-a-half-foot bananas at home, just like "Pirate" Prentiss of *Gravity's Rainbow*.

BOOKS

A Ghost of a Chance

Sex and the Single Ghost

By Helen "Cooley" Brown and Oliver Onions, McGraw-Hill, \$17.95 (soon to be remaindered for \$2.98) 533 illus.

Reviewed by Henry Kissinger, clerk at Discount Book Store and author of *Hauntings* out of Asia.

With this unlikely collaboration, the study of sexual mores and psychic phenomenon join and a new dimension opens to us. Where and how they got together one can only guess. Brown, noted anthropologist on sex in primitive polygynous societies, part-time recluse in her little cabin in the Ozarks, occasionally sallying forth to visit the Mungumbos or the Narongas, or put in her stint as ghost editor of *Cosmo* — how did she meet Onions, strange-bearded fellow, of unknown address, usually found wandering in the neighborhood of the Satanist Bookshop in Soho? And where did Onions, actually 8th Earl of Warwick, and 13th Baron of Stonehenge, with 3 arrests, no convictions, for necrophilia in the second degree, get these astounding photos?

But what does it matter? My experts announce to me that the photos are not faked. Indeed, these two intrepid explorers have brought us to the land of the dead and shown us something we had never imagined. The Brown-Onions pictures with which the book is massively illustrated, are not of the typical fatuous ghost sticking out his tongue and screaming idiotically just to scare you. The old tails are put down forever. Ghosts, as Brown-Onions show us, like sex.

No one who picks up the book will stop until they have wearied their eyeballs with the last of its astonishing pictures. The ghost of Lili Mar-

lene, sitting in a bubble-bath: this is astonishing. Ghost-smoochers are everywhere: Hyde Park, Coney Island, the Octagon House. Old beds in old houses take on new meaning after seeing this book. Think of how many people have slept in those beds, and what goes on when several of them decide to haunt the same bed the same night! This book is not for the sexually squeamish.

Anthony and Cleopatra leave one drenched in sweat as their wrathful forms copulate in the moonlight on top of the great pyramid. And what shocks! Who could ever have imagined that Martin Luther used French ticklers? And how many famous Englishmen we find in bed with little boys instead of girls! And Don Juan's physical equipment, alas, did not live up to his reputation.

And the White House! While a bachelor like me sees nothing wrong in the picture of Millard Fillmore trying to get his ectoplasm up, it might be a bit disconcerting to some people. Don't let this book out on the coffee table. There are embarrassments! For instance, who would have thought that the closet sheltering Harding and his niece was also used by Lincoln and one of the maids, as well as Teddy Roosevelt and one of his famous bighorn sheep. Nothing is sacred to these authors, and perhaps that is the way it should be, whatever we wish otherwise.

Sex permeates the air around us: pell-mell copulations every which way, people and places we never imagined. One question Brown-Onions does not answer, can they reach us? Are the incubus-succubus only dreams or are they a penetration of our dimension? For a change, I sleep alone tonight. Cleopatra, here I am. Haunt me, baby!

Shakespeare Uncovered

LONDON (AP) — A decaying, worm-ridden folio which scholars have identified as an unpublished play by William Shakespeare was discovered this week by a London plumber doing restoration work on a camera supply store which was once a 17th Century inn.

Harold Plymouth, the 59-year-old pipefitter who found

the manuscript, said he saw the pages sticking out of a broken, rusted pipe. "Thought it might be a bit of spice when I saw it, but there weren't no photos in it at all, much less ones of lasses."

Plymouth added he didn't "give a farthing" whether it was Shakespeare or not. "Let the old blighter rot in his grave," he told reporters.



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Gable Flick a Real Clinker

By *Guile Arnold*

Gone with the Wind, quickly forgotten. And the a certain flair for sunsets, but which opened last night at sooner the better. Mr. Selznick can expect to be either; the man seems to have credit on the burning of Atlanta is a saccharine, lachry-matic to which to find fault with a lanta scene, however. Why, mose clinker that scales new *Gone with the Wind*, but he must have set fire to the entire back lot at M-G-M for making. One only hopes the vious place to begin. Thomas that one!

general public will show its Mitchell, for instance, as Scar-dism for this hopelessly lett's father, fails miserably to imagine that a Civil War in inadequate piece of pap by a role that was just made for the film, adapted from Mar-as she might, Vivien Leigh is garret. Mitchell's potboiler of just somehow wrong as Scar-the same name, is the creation lett. Believe me, she'll never of David O. Selznick, a man win any awards for that por- obviously out to make a name trayal. The less said of Gable's for himself in Hollywood. If Rhett Butler the better. before the end of the first this endless bit of flim-flam Selznick's production is reel.

Finally, it seems difficult to imagine that a Civil War theme could possibly evoke the slightest bit of interest now. After all, it's been over for years, and everyone, at least almost everyone, knows how it came out. The element of suspense is therefore gone

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ANN SLANDER: Take Heart

Dear Ann Slander:
I never thought that I would be writing to Ann Slander about a problem. I thought that only nuts did that kind of thing. I don't really have a problem, but my wife does. We have both read with interest the several month's worth of discussion in your paper about that weddin' business. I agree with you about the ring bearer, but my wife says that you should realize it was "the bride's day." Please settle this for us.

The Honeymoon is Over

Dear Moon:
You and your wife both have problems, buster, but I can't help you there. I would like to take this chance to continue the discussion of the wedding priorities. I have been a syndicated columnist for many years, and have come to realize a strong feeling of responsibility to my public (I checked with my sources in Chicago, a minister a rabbi and a high priestess). We are living in the age of "equality," as I stated in answer to the woman who favored beeswax, and so I must give both, and sometimes all sides of the issue. No matter how long it takes. (Write in for my pamphlet on length: *The Teen Dress Code*).

After all, my readers are the writers who want to read what they have written, not the readers who like to read the writing of other readers who are more properly called writers, than, for as a syndicated columnist I must relate to readers but they respond to me as writers which is the stimulus for me as a writer, so, I deal with writers, not readers, reader-writer readers, not simply reader-readers.

PB & J from B1
that it has always had an innate sense of direction by developing this nutritionally rich epicurean delight. Let them eat peanut butter," she added, "and this sticky problem will just melt away."

Dining Fun

By Dresdin MacDonalds

Washington, an international food center, has awarded its eaters-out with another first. With all the foreign menus available, the only cuisine missing — and that I love most of all — is that bizarre late-night food you prepare for yourself when no one else is around. But now, at The Short Night, you can have those specialties served to you in comfort and in the company of others.

The Short Night, an unusual name for Washington restaurants, was explained and not understood. It is as follows: The unique menu does not lend itself to an evening with extensive plans. I found, however, unusual energy after sampling the prized selections.

The atmosphere is charmingly reminiscent of a wood-paneled family room in suburbia. The service is polite and sufficient.

Food: The orange-corn-flake soup was good. Its clear lukewarm broth was as subtle as Vichy water and made the orange bits more exciting. A surprise was garlic oil droplets which gave a pleasant taste that I have not had since the south of France.

The specialty, Gefiltefish Supreme, could have been excellent, except the fish suspended in meringue lost its character and the dandelion petals, though beautiful before preparation, were overcooked, soggy, and their color faded.

The vegetarian peanut butter, peach and watercress sandwich was acceptable, but the chutney (on the sandwich)

Dear Ann Slander:
Please help me. This is such an embarrassing thing for me that I don't know where to turn in my shame. My son likes to walk around naked. My husband just ignores it. But now, the neighbors have begun to talk as my son is a paperboy in our area. I know about the new morality, is this part of it? My boy is good in all other respects, and gets good grades, too. My husband and I are religious by faith. We don't take our clothes off. Where does he pick up this habit?

A Mother

Dear Mother:
This is just a phase. If your son is under 40, that is. If not you have real worries ahead of you. I can only suggest that you find professional help for your son. Psychiatry is doing wonderful things these days and I'm sure a good doctor would be able to advise your son on finding more suitable employment for a man of his age.

CLIPSE from A1

Dr. Murchison seemed baffled by the question.

Vice-President Agnew could not be reached for comment yesterday, but a spokesman for his bowling team said Agnew spent part of the afternoon at the Miramar Lanes.

"He never kegged better," the spokesman said tersely.

Horace Rothapel, a roast-chestnut vendor in New York City, was asked by a reporter what the eclipse had meant to him. Rothapel dropped a few chestnuts into his small fire and said pensively, "It knocked my socks off."

All across the country, from the great Atlantic Ocean to the wide Pacific shores, the reverberations are the same. The collective socks of many Americans are, as Rothapel said, "knocked off."

It has always had an innate sense of direction by developing this nutritionally rich epicurean delight. Let them eat peanut butter," she added, "and this sticky problem will just melt away."

PB & J from B1

that it has always had an innate sense of direction by developing this nutritionally rich epicurean delight. Let them eat peanut butter," she added, "and this sticky problem will just melt away."

I suspect contained pork rind which is far from fair on an otherwise magnificent sandwich. The cinnamon potato chip garnish was stale, which is sad as they have received such acclaim.

Though not quite summer, the Summer Jubilee was superb. As is traditional, it was served on a halfed watermelon with a filling of olives, American cheese, vanilla ice-cream, topped with anchovies and served with cognac flambe.

The beverage menu is extensive and features such delights as pimento-coconut milkshakes and apple-onion juice. Four kinds of American coffee are also served.

Located above the Sunny Surplus store, a nice pastime of window shopping can be had when the line for late dinner is long.

Mr. MacDonalds writes a weekly column for Potomac. But he has begun to eat daily.

NBC from A1

The President also plans to have the Miss America Pageant moved to NBC and will himself crown the Miss Americas in years to come.

Many public interest shows are already being filmed and scheduled for the fall. A very informative show entitled "How the FBI Really Works" will be followed by a look behind the scenes of a great American information gathering agency. Entitled "The CIA and You," this program will show why the Social Security system really works.

Inquiries about the price paid for NBC were shunned by Mr. Davis. He ended the conference with a quote by the President, "The time has come when the majority of Americans can have a television network with an image they can relate to and be entertained by."

OTTO from B1

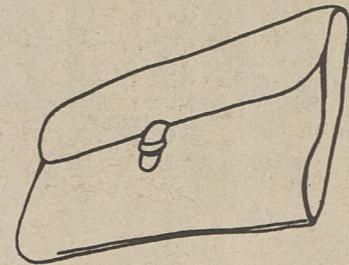
like a rhino birth or a hippo hump.

By the time you read this, I'll be at the zoo, picketing at the Prairie Dog replica cage. If you can dig on that.

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I agree with everything that's happening, but I'm not part of no movement.
(Bob Dylan - 1964)

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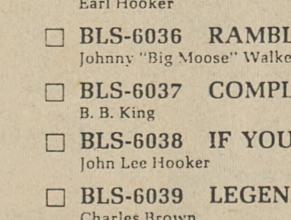
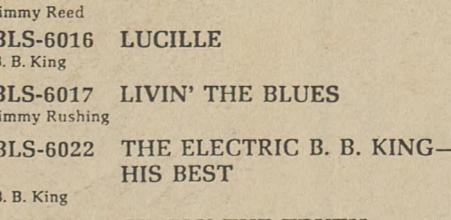
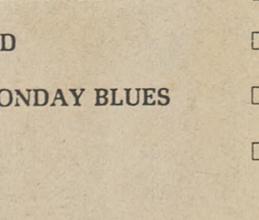
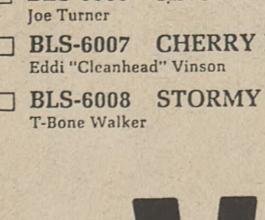
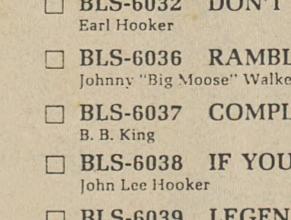
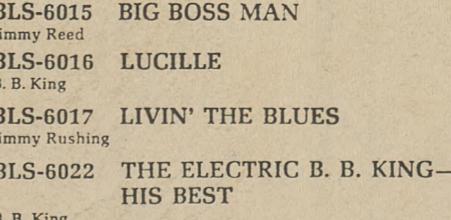
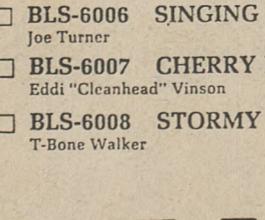
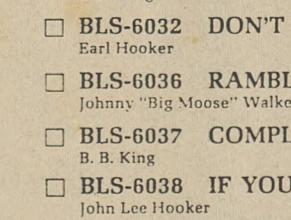
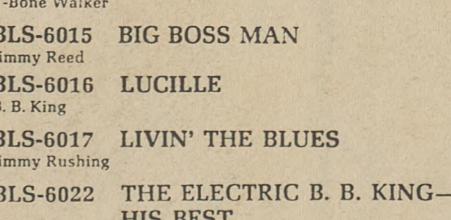
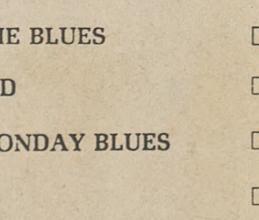
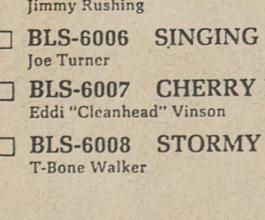
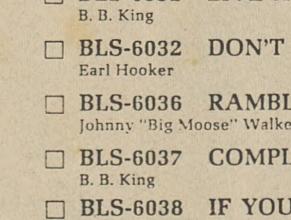
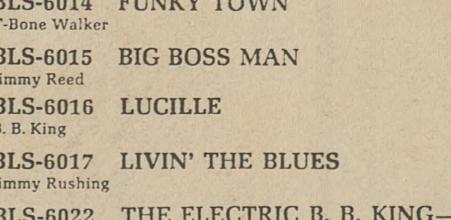
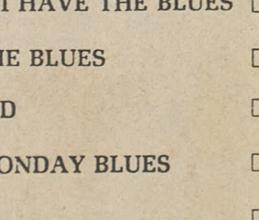
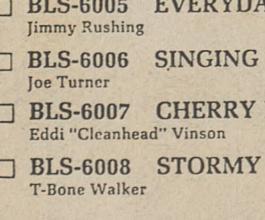
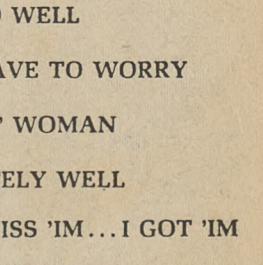
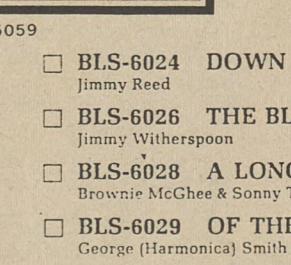
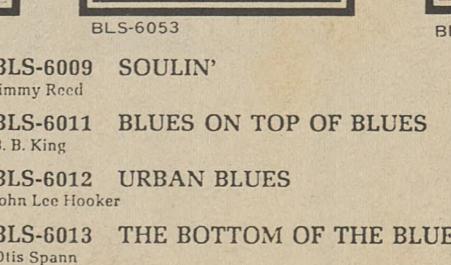
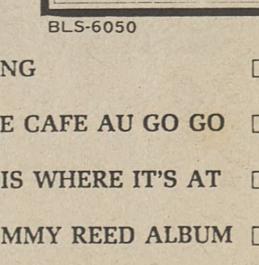
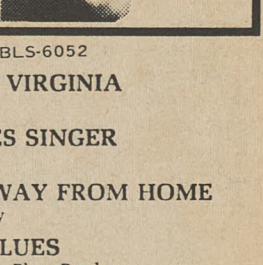
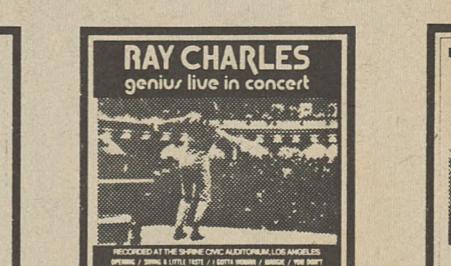
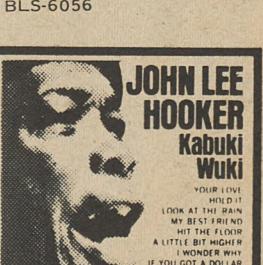
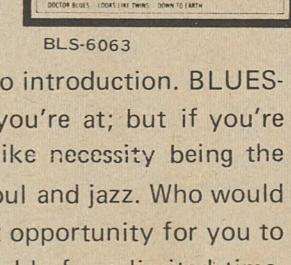
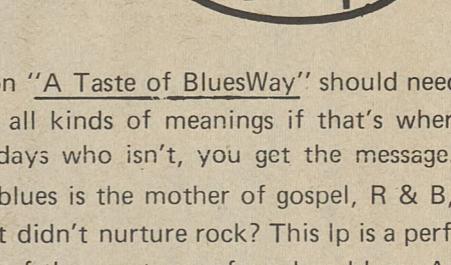
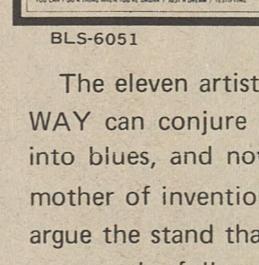
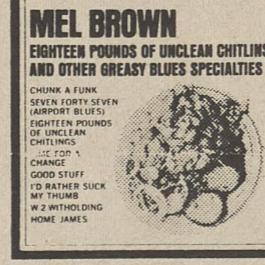
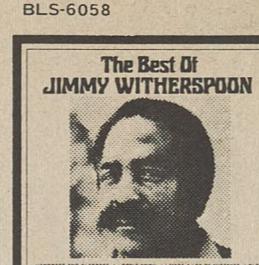
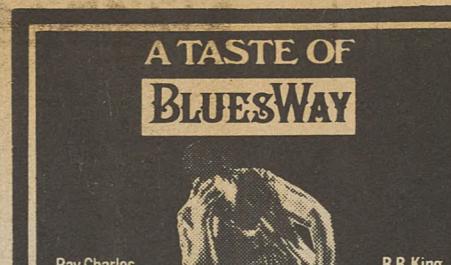
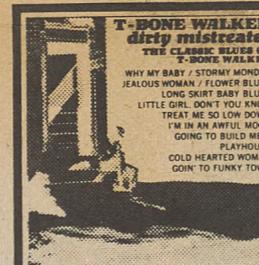
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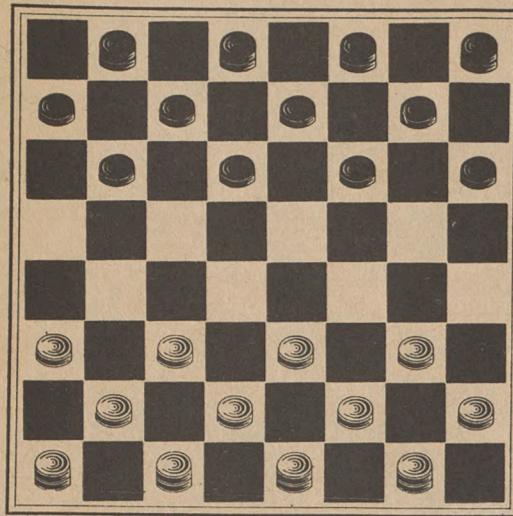
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Q-Q2	Q-K2! and wins

Loft Show: "Organic, Powerful, Intricate, Sexist!"

By Richard Pall

Periodically, when one's business is watching and reporting the shows in Washington's Art World, one comes across an exhibition and can only hold one's breath in amazement at the significance in History and wish the moment would never end. But one cannot hold one's breath for long, one would faint, and one could not tell about the amazement and significance and style of the moment.

Washington has long been troubled by a lack of intense young artists with a sense of integrity and integration and cohesiveness. Now we are witnessing groups of dynamic young art persons working together and benefiting from the constant touch of each other. The present show at The Loft Gallery, at the intersection of Columbia Road and Wisconsin Avenue, brings it all together for a new Washington Scene, a group of young people, up-and-coming in Art, who even drink at the same bar!



Stephen Thorne, exhibiting at the Loft Show.

Witless Mung, who has been seen before in various galleries, has finally achieved a strength and maturity only hinted before. Mung has been one of the bright young persons of the Washington Color School, so called, for several years, but has broken away from some of the more fruitless paths of geometricity and has integrated an organic approach and a new set of colors to present an entirely new series of works which must be seen to be appreciated. The layrithian color

sent supply of squares of heavy paper to produce the works in the present show. Mung feeds Bruno five large boxes of ordinary children's crayons every morning and then follows the dog around with the squares of paper, holding them in an appropriate position at appropriate times in Bruno's perambulations. Mung places a second sheet athwart the first, after Bruno has made his offering, steps upon the combination to flatten it out, pulls apart

the papers and has two works for an appreciative audience. Condescending to the more fickle and finicky of his buyers, he rinses the pieces and dries them before display.

Harvey Hill, a new name for the general public, but well known among art circles in the city, has finally consented to display in this show some of his more recent compositions. Hill utilizes a Xerox copier to make his original works. Some of the more mundane of Hill's works show him, nose flattened, looking into the machine and the green light flashes. The pieces which give his audience glimpses of Hill's more private parts, in grotesque proximity, are very powerful. If Hill had shaved himself for this series, it might have been even better.

Crescent Path has taken the mental gymnastics of her previous color compositions one step further. Departing from a sterile, redundant, working-out on large canvases of intricately formulated paintings, she has given us samples of basic colors, adequately notated, and written in long hand the formulae which would produce the painting, involving the educated audience in the final, projection of the work.

Foothill Krust has come to the pinnacle of ten years of work. In the Loft Gallery show, Krust exhibits the product of plexiglass subjected to intense workouts under laser beams. The resulting pieces are a fascinating amalgam of polished points, black-burnt goo, and seemingly molten excrescences of plexiglass. Very strong works.

One of the more *macho* of our young artists has passed his previous efforts of sensual color and has brought a more primitive strength to his vision. Saul Garfinkle has mixed acrylic paints to the consistency of finger paints and has used a large part of his anatomy to direct the flow of the paint in strong and lusty patterns. One must say that these works must be called sexist. The part of his body Garfinkle uses is not available to woman. But one must give credit to the steel will and determination the young artist must bring to his work in order to keep his "brush" erect and useful for the work.

Lois Starbough has continued her recent shift to miniatures and decorates this series of thumbprints with a sense of style. We do miss her previous bold color.

THEATER

Unenchanted Is Disenchanting

By Richard Croe

Longshoreman-turned-psychologist-turned-playwright does not necessarily a good play write, and the *Unenchanted*, now playing at the Kennedy Center, is that unfortunate result. And, yet, it isn't.

Being of sound mind and heart, I ventured into the theatre with the last strains of "Rule, Britannia" still ringing in my ears. I had just returned from a flirtatious first-night in the Land of the Limes and was anxiously ill-prepared for the sights and sounds of what I was certain would be aimed, however inaccurately, in my direction. A group of high schoolers with faces cherubic and minds divisive, were perched uncomfortably close, forboding protesting distraction during the play.

As the curtain went up, comprehension became not a problem, but a concern. Swell British theatre-goers have not with this very same style of theatre been entirely unknown. And the cherubs on my left inconsequently beamed their own sense of being with it. What were they with?

The work, written by another of those longshoremen-turned-psychologist who waft their ways into our thespic temples on the scent of financial instability, has not gone completely unappreciated. Indeed, the vast legacy of dramaturgic effort that is not uncreditable to this man is at best of questionable value.

However, the students failed to make the anticipated artistic protest and nodded off in predictable juvenility. On stage there was less excitement than thrill.

Who could have perpetrated such an excuse for plausibility? As the mother was heard to say in the second scene: "What makes life worth living is enigma; what makes death unexpected is knowing it's happening when you're fornicating." We are respectable people and don't have to be insulted with sea-side gutter-snipes and psychic doubletalk. Writers like Mr. Longshoreman never seem to know the limits of finality.

The second and third acts of what ultimately proved to be a rousing threnody of the life and times of a dismembered robin, seemed more of a piece than did the author's other plays, and neat-

ly fitted into his scheme of "the search for elucidation."

This very concept was embodied by one of our rising feature actors, Mr. Stud Buck who has a way with a line and a movement which denotes movement and line so well.

Yet the overall gloss of the finished product was marred by the performance of Miss Lucy Libby. Besides attempting to glorify her formlessness, she was inaccurately heard to deliver, with tongue twisting gib-ness and arch cynicism, "Hr rheath, Mrstre Stbk." Acting of this calibre is not unwasted and seldom fails to arouse the expected.

Needless to mention, those angelic artifacts of today's modern generation left the theatre on a wave of intellectual euphoria, feeling they had won another victory for all that sex stuff. What ever gave them the idea that they were avanting the old garde is nothing less than an example of social annuity.

The *Unenchanted*, I must make a quick mention of the little girl in the blue shawl, who in flinging her arms gave the full sense of freedom which is the matter of Mr. Longshore's play, a crystal actualization which communicated the perfect sense of unwarranted wariness. And, together with suggestive lighting, which always says more than explicit doing (Mr. Crevor, the director, is always so clever in this regard), the settings were romantic and subtle and rather bizarre in their use of puce.

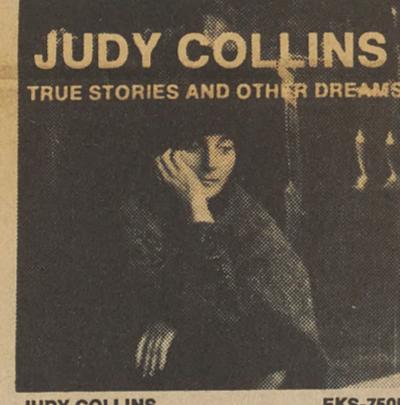
I was shocked to read that Mr. Writer (who should know better) commented on the death of Mr. Stud Buck's father as an unsolved mystery of the occult. Fiddlefaddle. It is universally accepted that Stud Buck, Sr. is alive and well living in the plants and shrubs department of Sears in Cheverly.

Such problems aside, I was joyously moved, as I drifted out of the playhouse, to comment to one of the usherettes that the curtain was late, the auditorium breezy, the satanic cherubs unwelcomed, the author unscrupulous, the play scatological, and the technical production average.

On the whole, though, I found the show neat and pert and perceptive and a real zinger. Longshore does it again!

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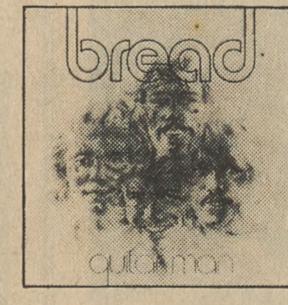
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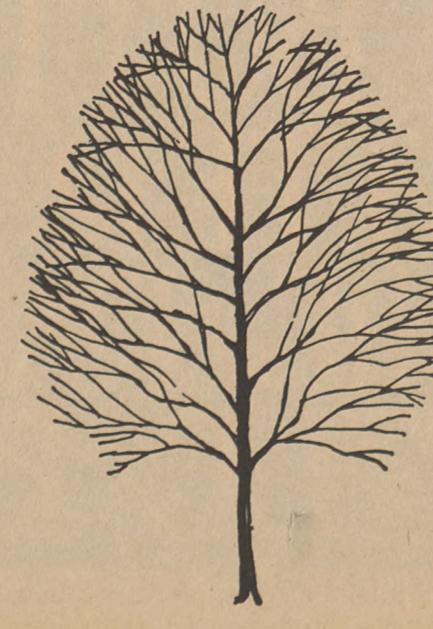
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EARLY A.M.							
6:08 News 6:13 Faith 6:28 Stat. Ex 7 Yesterday	Mass for Shut-Ins w/ Chas. Manson Fritz the Cat	Puppet Theater w/ the Cockettes The Zoo Report w/ Prairie Dog	Service for Hypochondriacs w/ Oscar Levant 8, The Lamestones	Agricultural Report w/ Mr. Greenjeans TV Breakfast	TV or Not TV		
9:00 For No One Especially w/ M. Mitchell	Yoga for Shut-Ins w/ Alice Roosevelt Longworth	Hollywood Scars Distraction	I Dream of Jeannie w/ Stephen Foster	Superperson w/ German Greer & Norman Mailer	Sesame Blvd.		
10:00 Let's Make a Deal w/ Dick Nixon	Make the Nation w/ R. Raygun Billy Graham Crusade (R)	Mating Game Divorce Game	Ranger Hal Petticoat Junkie	General Morgue Addams Family (R)	Roller Derby w/ F.D.R. & Ironsides		
11:00 Price is Right w/ John Mitchell Truth or Consequence w/ Sam Ervin	PARANOIA w/ Maurice Mumble Alice Kultz John Tackless	Alimony Game Love, Any Old Way	Major Marsupial Show	The 3 Stooges Warner Wolf Warner Wolf	Sesame Lane		
12:00 You Bet Your Life w/ Desi Arnaz It Takes a Thief E. Howard Hunt	Have Gun Will Travel w/ John Dillinger	Days of Our 9 Lives w/ Morris The Young Coroners	TV Lunch	Mould Squad (R)	Army Training Films THE DIVINE COMEDY Today, Part 1, The Inferno		
1:00 Movie: The Great Escape	I Left Lucy w/ Desi Arnaz Green Acne w/ Bobby Sherman	Love is Many Kinky Things Let's Make	Funsmoke (R)	Star Trick w/ David Bowie	Counterfeiting Mayan Pottery		
2:00 The Fugitives Segretti, Chapin, & Colson	Lefty Dribble Show	Sword Swallowing lesson No. 6 w/ Linda Lovelace	Movie: Life Begins at 40 Dino Valenti Elvis Presley	Movie: Reefer Madness	Grow Your Own Original Cast Italian Sound (subtitles in Sanskrit)		
3:00 I've Got a Secret/ White House Staff Return to Peyton Place	Rin Tin Tan Adventures of a black German Shepherd	Trotting Gourmet Duck with peanut butter	Bill Haley The Nude Zoo Revue w/ Weasel	How to Develop Your Bustline Ch. Jerry Wilson			
4:00 Mystery Movie: That Lovable, Laughable, Watergate Gang	Mary Astor Festival The Maltese Falcon	Movie: Wake Me When It's Over w/ Tricia Cox	The King Family w/ B.B. Freddie Alan, Carole, Nat, Albert, & Kong	Movie: Reefer Madness (run backwards)	Julia Child Canard a la Puree du Cacahuet	Part II, Fugate cont. tomorrow 8:00 am	
5:00 You Asked For It w/ Bernstein & Woodward	Milt Grant Show Link Weller Ray Vernon Geo. Hamilton III	Ronald Keegan Patricia Neal TV Dinner	Pick Temple Show (cartoons)		Efficient Reading the Easy Way lesson 325		
6:00 Spywitness News & Sports w/ David Eisenhower	Local News the Hulk & Wonder Wart Hog IV	News	CBS News	Movie: Gidget goes Dutch	6:00 Mass w/ Rod McKuen & Judith Viorst		
7:00 NBC Lightly News w/ C.T. Whitehead Survival	Hee-Haw-Ho-Hum Porter Wagoner Dolly Parton	ABC News Harry Cheech & Howard K. Cheng	Special: The Leadbelly Story w/ Johnny Mathis	Hoagie's Heroes (R)	Sesame Alley		
8:00 Sidney Greenstreet Festival Maltese Falcon	David Suchshtat "Why does everyone hate me?"	The Narc Squad ABC Wide World of Sports: Drag Races	M.U.S.H.	Reefer Madness (in slow motion)	Diabetes Special w/ Rod McKuen & Judith Viorst		
9:00 David Levy — Counselor at Camp	Pig 54 . . . Where Are You?	w/ Gary Glitter, Alice Cooper Peter Lorre Festival The Maltese Falcon	Jughead for the Defense	Movie Cont.	Eugene Ormandy conducting Bizet's "Chien au Lit"		
10:00 NBC Special 2nd Ann. of Solar Eclipse	10:00 News [low budget]	Falcon Mucus Welby V.D.	Sonny & Cher Cop-Out Hour Frank Sinatra as a Hippie	Deep Throat w/ Martha Raye Joe E. Brown & Ethel Merman	American Family No. 139		
11:00 Der NBC New w/ Herr Zeigler Tonight Show Special Guest,	Movie: 20,000 Leaks Under the Sea w/ Chas. Tuna	Jack Underparr w/ Peggy Grass, Frank Sinatra, Maxine Chesir	News Humphrey Bogart Fest: The Maltese Falcon	TV Snack Barry Richards (Not So Special)	Firing Line [cancelled]		
12:00 Johnny Carson Yoga for Civil Serv. w/ Dr. Dixie Lee Ray	Movie: I Was a Commie For the FBI w/ Patrick Gray	An Eternity With Deena Clark Reflections w/ Marlo	Sermone: "The Impossible Dream" w/ Walter Fauntroy	Miracle Whip w/ Oral Roberts & Marquis de Sade			

Radio

11 a.m. — WGMS-FM Guest Artist mezzo-soprano Joan Sutherland gives tips on saving one's voice.

4:30 p.m. — WGMS-FM mezzo-soprano John Smothers gives tips on saving one's hair.

9 a.m. — WAMU-FM Physi-

cist Arnold Neubish discusses bologna with host Millie Yost.

1 a.m. — WRC-FM Radio personality "Weasel" does his once-a-year special by staying straight throughout his show.

12 a.m. — WRC-FM Stereo simulcast of WRC-TV's "An Eternity With . . ." with hostess Deena Clark. Tonight, she interviews Lou Heffer, of the Livestock Division of USDA.

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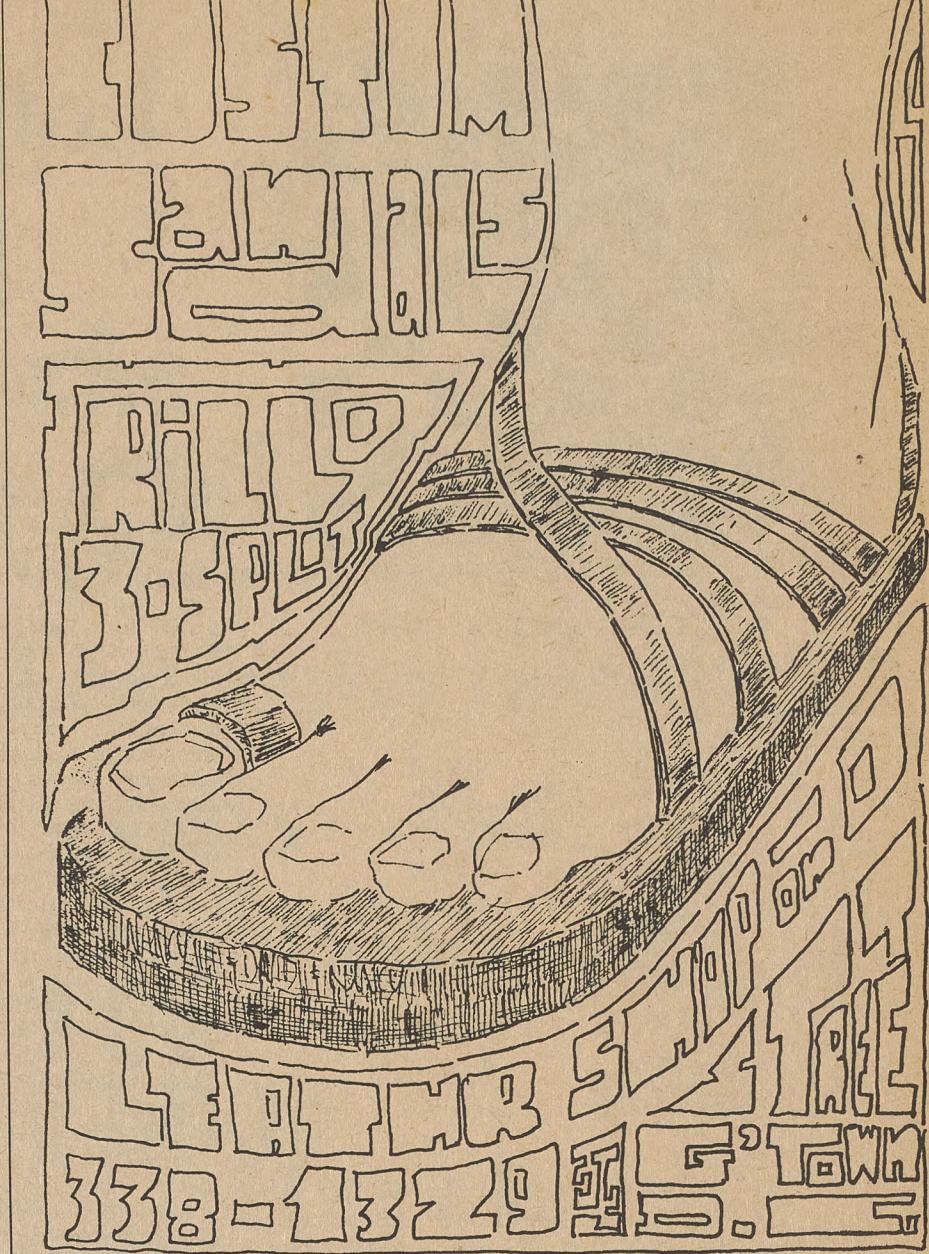
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Kicking off the new Republican Party takeover of NBC television, Martha Mitchell substitutes for Barbara Walters on "For No One Especially." Mrs. Mitchell will demonstrate the proper use of sedatives. (9 a.m., Channel 4)

Duck with peanut butter is the recipe of the day for the Trotting Gourmet. He forgets to cook the duck. (3 p.m., Channel 7)

Porter Wigner sings his new country hits and sprays his hair into a lethal, blunt instrument. Partner Dolly Parton manages not to fall over again this week. (7 p.m., Channel 5)

The Leadbelly Story. Johnny Mathis croons his svelte way through the famous folk singer's best-known songs, and his acting might do for Leadbelly what Diana Ross did for Billie Holiday. Songs such as "Take This Hammer" and "Goodnight Irene" make this an enjoyable hour. (7 p.m., Channel 9)

PBS breaks up another happy family. (10 p.m., Channel 26)

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Basie Counts In Swing

By Hollie Waste

Count Basie is a famous jazz bandleader. He had many hit swing records during the 1930's and 1940's. He played a concert at the Kennedy Center last night. He was okay.

Basie is a famous bandleader and he and his band recorded many important swing records during the 1930's and the decade that followed. Last night he played many of the old songs with his band, and they were okay, too.

Swing, the kind of music that Count Basie and his band are famous for performing, is a style of music that grew out of the older jazz of New Orleans, and incorporated more sophisticated ensemble big-band passages and tonal textures. Swing was famous in the 1930's and the 1940's. Last night at the Kennedy Center, which doesn't usually

book jazz groups, Basie also played some new compositions. Throughout his career, he has tried to keep the arrangements of his compositions fresh, but the people at the Kennedy Center don't care. They don't care about Count Basie or any other jazz musician.

Why doesn't the Kennedy Center invite some newer jazz musicians to play there, people like Sun Ra and Archie Shepp and Pharoah Sanders, or Tony Williams and Herbie Hancock, musicians who are making music new music?

Count Basie was all right for a bandleader who achieved success in the 1930's and 1940's. He played all of his hits, such as "One O'Clock Jump" and "Everyday," but frankly, there should be more modern jazz played around here because my job is getting to be a bore.



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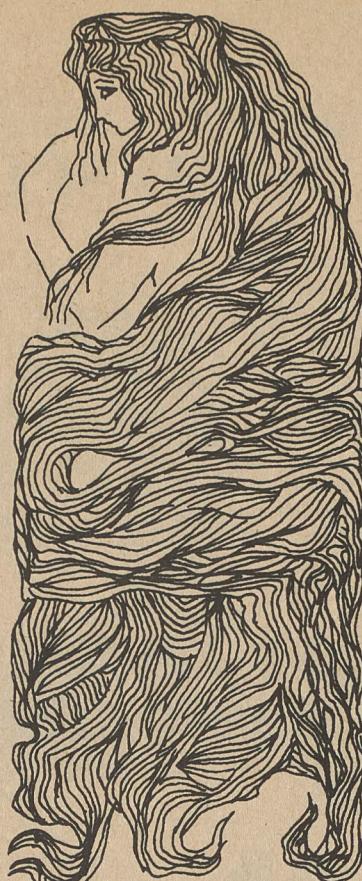
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Kim said "Pass the Spam," Rex Wimp got talced, and Barbara Howar-Johnson was overheard talking

Gala Parties Abound

By Maxine Chestlow

At the gala party at the new Anacostia summer house of Vice-President Agnew last night the Vice-President's oldest daughter Kim leaned across the china-and-silver be-decked table and whispered to special guest Ethel Merman "Would you pass the spam?"

At the gala party last night at the mansion of Maryland Governor Marvin Mandel, socialite Barbara Howar-Johnson was overheard talking to Maryland State Treasurer Louis Goldteeth about the possibility of making the Chesapeake Bay Crab the state symbol. "Not with my wife, you don't," he was heard to reply.

Movie critic Rex Wimp was in town last night at the gala ball given by Vosslavian Ambassador Fuiflaf Krappsky. He supposedly asked the ambassador if he had seen any recent American films. Before the ambassador could answer, however, his wife, Lotta Krappsky, sneezed and covered Wimp with an enormous cloud of llama-scented talcum powder.

Famous hairdresser Montezuma Revenge, whose clients include Joan Kennedy, Mayor Washington, and Girl Scout Troop 419, was asked the other night at the gala affair for the Roger Stevens, who had the wildest hair in town.

"Ralph Nader," he said wryly. "He's got a wild hair somewhere."

First Lady Pat Nixon showed up at the gala party at the Riverdale Burger Chef to receive an award as the 1972 Big Chefette of the Year last night. In her gracious remarks following the ceremony, the First Lady remarked that "maybe I should get one to go for the Big Chef back at The House."

At the gala reception following the American Pharmaceutical Convention's "Downer and Upper of the Year" banquet, the entire Lester Lanin band nodded off.

At the big Cafritz bash, Secretary of State Rogers charmingly defended the Administration's Vietnam War policies by smiling, drinking, and occasionally saying "Oh, fiddle-faddle."

Cartoonist Pleads For Mercy On Heavy Drinking Habit

By Salty Quinn

Cartoonist and social commentator Al Krapp raised his fourth double tequila uneasily toward this gorgeous reporter and slurred: "Here's to ya, toots. How come a beautiful bombshell like you ain't married?"

Krapp was in town yesterday for one of his controversial lectures to college students. He was also obviously worried about his image.

"Please don't say anything about my heavy drinking problem. This is off the record, but I've lost all my friends. My wife and kids hate me. If this gets in the press, it could kill me," he said between handquivering gulps.

This reporter reminded him of the duty of a statuesque and successful journalist to her faithful readers interested in the truth about the lives of public figures, especially the grimy, nasty stuff that gets you a national reputation.

"People like you are dangerous," said the greying, balding cartoonist who has built up quite a record for his drunken driving arrests. "Why don't you ask about my college lectures? That's the r-a-son for this press interview."

As his empty glass scattered against the bar wall where he had hurled it in anger, he blurted out: "Boy, you sure are beautiful. A real jet-setter. You look just like that left-wing libber, Gloria Whatsername."

After mumbling about his college lecture tour, he ordered a fifth double tequila and refused to answer questions about his rumored toupee.

divorce, and bankruptcy, only saying "They're all lies." He scratched what seemed to be a moving hairline with shaking, ringless and dirty fingers.

"Hey," he croaked, "you lovely young mare, you don't really have to go to Paul Young's for lunch with Henry do ya? Why doncha stay here with me? I'll draw your pitcher."

This reporter reminded him that it was not dinner with Kissinger at Paul Young's, but dinner with a certain millionaire at Che Francois, followed by an intimate cocktail with her TV producer-boyfriend, but by this time the cartoonist was beginning to sob.

"Look, I know your business is covering public figures, but gimme a break, willya? I mean, I'm right on the edge of a nervous breakdown."

As this hotsie-totsie reporter smiled glamorously and wrote down those words, Krapp began to scream and wave his hands around.

"You can't write that down. I'm pleading with you lady. Can't you hear me?"

Soon Krapp stood up uneasily, his sixth double tequila burning a hole in the tablecloth. "All right. No more. This interview is over." And as he struggled to the door of the chic downtown cafe, he began making sounds like a chimpanzee, jumping up.

The management was alerted to the cartoonist's condition and the police were called. As he was carted off to the stationhouse, he yelled back: "Okay, you win, Lois Lane! If you weren't so glamorous, I'd hate you!"

Picasso Stolen

PARIS (UPI) — At a showing of his latest work at the Louvre yesterday, artist Pablo Picasso was stolen, museum sources said. A set of dentures which police said belonged to the elderly painter was found

on the front steps a few minutes after the artist was discovered to be missing.

The museum directors have offered a \$3 million reward for his return, Paris police said.



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AMERICAN INDIAN JEWELRY by OLD MEXICO

OLD MEXICO

1410 Wisconsin Ave., N.W. Georgetown

Guitarist Roy Wray Scott Great

By Tom Zit

For years, stars have been pleading with Living-Legend guitarist Dannyroy Wray Scott to join their groups. He has been asked to play with the Rolling Stones, the Beatles, Spike Jones, The Who, the Mahavishnu Orchestra and the Dukes of Dixieland, but you'd never guess it by the rude reception he received last night at his debut concert at the Washington Armory.

At the sparse, vulgar crowd tossed frisbees like the street rabble they are, Wray Scott played the most rapturous music in that pre-Elvis, post-Grand Funk-inter-soul-hillbilly style of rock and roll that has made him a musician's musician's musician for the past seven decades.

Wray Scott is quite a veteran; he'll turn 81 this autumn. He's been playing since he was five-years-old, when he lied about his age to play in a Vaudeville pit-band at the Loew's Palace Theater.

His version of "Bumble," which he played in the 1920's with bandleader Paul Whiteman, showed fully the fluid dexterity only a master's fingers can flawlessly flail. (Wray Scott said that many guitarists — including Burl Ives — have copped that famous "Bum-

ble" lick and made millions for themselves.) But that mindless army corwd, that bunch of soporific soopers, paid the magic no heed and slept through the whole song.

As an encore, Wray Scott went through a medley of rapid-speed songs that he invented during the late 40's when he played guitar, banjo, mandolin, fiddle and bass, as well as vocals, for Bill Monroe. "They never released any of mah stuff," he said after the concert during my exclusive interview backstage with all the big-time stars crowding around me. "See, ah played so fast it wasn't until them slow LP's replaced 78's that anybody could tell what I was playin'."

Famous musicians from all over the country have high words of praise for Wray Scott. My buddy, Frank Zappa, said, "Dannyroy used to play with Frankie Laine, didn't he? Yeah, I remember him. He was dynamite on 'Mule Train' man."

My pal Jerry Garcia said that Wray Scott gave him lessons when he was a kid. "Yeah, he was playing with Johnny Cash back then and I waited outside the club and he taught me how to play 'St. Stephen's' on my old Silvertone acoustic."

But reputation or not, the

stoned, repulsive crowd, resplendent in bee-hive hairdos and razor cuts, bright green suits, headbands, levi's and platform shoes, paid no heed. In fact, they actually touched and bumped me while I was rushing to the edge of the stage. I would have told my buddy who promoted the show to cancel the show right then and there, but I had to write this review.

Wray Scott is definitely the father of rock and roll guitar, and, in fact, is rumored to have invented the instrument a few years back. "Fender, Gibson, all them, they stole mah blueprints, man. Made millions offa me," he said.

Called back for yet another encore, this one with this reporter playing drums, Wray Scott was brilliant in his most famous song, "Roadhouse

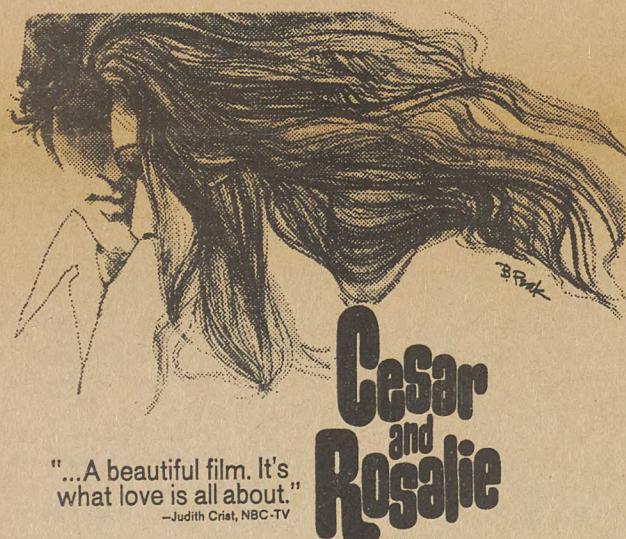
Mojo," a song about which George Gershwin once said: "That's a rhapsody in blue if ever there was one."

But the raggedy Armory crowd and their tacky hippie outfits didn't care whether they were seeing Supermusician or not. But what do they know, anyway? After all, I'm the rock critic and I'm the one that says what's what, see? So read it and weep.

Dylan Set for Big Tour

NEW YORK (UPI) — Mickey Dylan, the 1973 winner of the U-Haul Trick Driving Contest, was just another Manhattan truck driver until honors came his way this week as he defeated 133 other drivers in

the difficult three-hour contest sponsored by the do-it-yourself hauling company. The prize winner announced he would begin a four-month tour to demonstrate his skills at the wheel.



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CALENDAR OF DELIGHTS

TUESDAY, MARCH 27

BIRTHDAYS

Sarah Vaughn

MUSIC

Meg Christian; Women's Center; 1736 R St., N.W.; 8:30 pm to 11 pm; 232-5145 (women only)
Dillards / Russ Kirkpatrick; Cellar Door 337-3389
Roy Clark; Stardust; 843-6233

FILMS

Virgin Spring / Through a Glass Darkly; Circle; 337-4470
Last Year at Marienbad / Hiroshima Mon Amour; Inner Circle; 337-4470
School Girls / Hip, Hot & 21; Beltsville Drive-In; 474-1800

EVENTS

dance - Alwin Nikolais & Murray Louis Dance Co. JFK; \$4.50-\$6.50; 8pm; 254-3776

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 28

BIRTHDAYS

Paul Whitefield, John Evans (Jethro Tull)

MUSIC

Early Van Pelt; Reading Gaol; 833-3882
Pierre Cochereau, Organist of Notre Dame de Paris; Church of the Epiphany; \$3-\$4; 8pm; 347-2635
Alice Cooper & Flo & Eddie; Balto, Civ. Ctr. 8 pm; \$4.50-\$6.50; (301) 685-7282
Dillards / Russ Kirkpatrick (see March 27)
Roy Clark (see March 27)
James Weaver, Stechlin harpsichord (1745); Mus. of Hist. & Tech. 8:30; \$3 (students \$1); 381-5398

FILMS

Virgin Spring / Through a Glass Darkly (see Mar 27)
The Harder They Come; Janus; 232-8900
Clockwork Blue / Fanny Hill Meets Red Baron; Central Ave. Drive-In; 336-3777
Moving On; Mus. of Hist. & Tech. Aud. 12:30pm free

THURSDAY, MARCH 29

BIRTHDAYS

Pearl Bailey

MUSIC

Early Van Pelt (see March 28)
Juilliard String Quartet; Library of Congress; 8:30; free; 393-4463
Oberlin Coll. Choir; Metro. Mem. United Baptist Church; 8pm; \$1.50-\$5; 363-4900
Dillards / Russ Kirkpatrick (see March 27)
Roy Clark (see March 27)
James Weaver - harpsichord (see March 28) 8pm

FILMS

The First Circle; Outer Circle; 244-3116
The Devil's Eyes / The Magician; Circle; 337-4470
Rise of Louis XIV / Red & the Black; Inner Circle; 337-4470
Moving On (see March 28)

EVENTS

puppets - Bunrahn Nat'l Puppet Theatre of Japan; JFK; 8pm; 254-3776

FRIDAY, MARCH 30

BIRTHDAYS

Frankie Laine, Graham Edge (Moody Blues) Eric Clapton, Dave Ball (Procol Harum)

MUSIC

Early Van Pelt (see March 27)
Mozarteum Orch. of Salzburg, JFK; \$3.25-\$7.75; 8:30
Juilliard String Quartet (see March 29)
Benefit Concert; Cedar La. Unitarian Church, Bethesda; 881-3805
Meg Christian; Mr. Henry's Wash. Circle; 10:30pm-2:30am; 337-0222
Dillards (see March 27)
Roy Clark (see March 27)
Yale Russian Chorus; Lisner Aud.; \$3-\$5; 8pm; 628-5575

FILMS

TV Shows of the 50's; Biograph; 12:30am; 333-2962
Z / Grand Illusion; Inner Circle; 337-4470

EVENTS

Stand Up & Cheer - Johnny Mann; Shady Grove 8:30; (301) 948-3400
dance - Wash. Dancers in Repertory; Trapier Theater; \$4; 8pm; 654-1141
Food demo. & lecture - W. African Cooking; free; Renwick Gallery; 1 & 8 pm
Illust. lecture - Hist. Arms of the Hapsburg Coll. Mus. of Hist. & Tech. Aud. 8pm
puppets - Bunrahn (see March 29)

SATURDAY, MARCH 31

BIRTHDAYS

Herb Alpert, John D. Loudermilk, Al Nichol (Turtles) John Poulos (Buckingham), Mick Ralphs, Curly Smith (Jo Jo Gunne)
Louis Armstrong made first record, 1923

MUSIC

Early Van Pelt (see March 27)
Meg Christian (see March 30)
Mozarteum Orch. (see March 30)
Dillards / Russ Kirkpatrick (see March 27)
Roy Clark (see March 27)
Jeff Beck, Tim Bogert & Carmine Appice; G.U.; McDonough Gym; \$5.50; 8pm; 965-9650

FILMS

TV Shows of the 50's (see March 30)
Devils Eye / The Magician (see March 30)
Z / Grand Illusion (see March 30)

EVENTS

air - 11th Ann. JFK 50-mile Hike/Run; begins at Boonsboro H.S., Md.; 7:30 am (301) 731-0110 Ext. 203
lecture - Shakespeare Assoc. Ann. Lecture, by Harry Lewis, Harvard; Folger Shakespeare Lib.; 11am; 546-4800
dance - (see March 30) + 3pm matinee
lecture - Audio-Visual Design for Exhibits; Mus. of Hist. & Tech.; 10:30 am
puppets - Bunrahn (see March 29)

SUNDAY, APRIL 1

BIRTHDAYS

Sergei Rachmaninoff, Rudolph Isley (Isley Bros.), John Cowe (Lindisfarne), The Real Don Steel, Ronnie Lane (Faces).

MUSIC

Eric Clapton; White House Lawn; 3pm; open to all
Neil Harpe & Ty Ford; Theatre Project, Balto.; 2pm 539-3090
Carlos Montoya; JFK; 8pm; \$4.50-\$6.50; 8:30pm; 254-3776
George Carlin / Kenny Rankin; Shady Grove; \$4.50-\$6.50; 7:30 (301) 448-3400
Hootenany; Cellar Door; 337-3389
Martin Arroya
Martina Arroyo; JFK; 3pm; 254-3776

FILMS

Umbrellas of Cherbourg / A Man & A Woman; Inner Circle; 337-4470
Wild Strawberries / Brink of Life; Circle

MONDAY, APRIL 2

BIRTHDAYS

Leon Russell, Marvin Gaye, Kurt Winters (Guess Who)

MUSIC

Tom Rush; Cellar Door; 337-3389

EVENTS

poetry - Michael Harper; Folger Library; 8pm; 546-4800
theatre - Chamber Players; Washington Theatre Club; 8:30; 466-8860

TUESDAY, APRIL 3

BIRTHDAYS

Jeff Barry, Doris Day, Richard Manuel (The Band)

FILMS

Dreams / A Lesson in Love; Circle; 337-4470
Stranger / Milky Way; Inner Circle

EVENTS

circus - Ringling Bros., Barnum & Bailey; Wash. Coliseum; \$4-\$6, thru April 30; 783-2300
dance - Margot Fonteyn; Lisner Aud.; \$6-\$12; 8:30; 628-5575

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 4

BIRTHDAYS

Elmer Bernstein, Muddy Waters, Hugh Masekela, Barry Oakley (Allman Bros.)

THURSDAY, APRIL 5

BIRTHDAYS

Ronald White (Miracles)

FILMS

State of Seige; AFI at JFK; 6; 833-9300
7th Seal / Smiles of a Summer Night; Circle; 337-4470

EVENTS

circus - (see April 3)
slide show - Dem. Rep. of Yemen; Strong Aud., GWU; 7:30; 338-0182

FRIDAY, APRIL 6

BIRTHDAYS

Mike Oberman (Warner Bros.), Charles Wright

MUSIC

Tom Rush (see April 2)
Meg Christian (see March 30)
B.J. Thomas; Stardust; 843-6233
"Cavalcade of Am Musical Theatre"; Pr. Geo's Civ. Opera Co. [benefit for Uplift House Com. Center] 8pm; \$3-\$10, 232-2900

FILMS

The Tall Blond Man with One Black Shoe - benefit \$125.00, AFI at JFK; 8pm; 833-9300
"Directed by John Ford"; AFI at JFK; 4pm & 10:15pm; free; 833-9300
State of Seige; Outer Circle; 244-3116
7th Seal / Smiles of a Summer Night (see April 5)

EVENTS

circus - (See April 3)
opera - JFK; 8pm; \$6-\$25; 296-8660
Weekend Writers' Workshop - Poetry - by Antioch College; (301) 752-3656

SATURDAY, APRIL 7

BIRTHDAYS

Claire Burgess, Percy Faith, Spence Dryden (Jefferson Airplane)

MUSIC

Meg Christian (see March 30)
Brigit Nilsson, JFK; \$4.50-\$7.50, 8:30; 254-3776
Tom Rush (see April 2)
B.J. Thomas (see April 6)
Music from Marlboro; Mus. of Nat'l Hist; 5:30 381-5395
Joan Baez; Balt. Civ. Ctr. \$2.75; 8:30; 338-5992
Paul Butterfield's Better Days, Bonnie Raitt, Little Feat - McDonough Arena, GU; \$4.50; 8pm; 965-9650

FILMS

Peter Pan (1923); AFI at JFK; 2pm & 4pm; 833-9300
Such a Gorgeous Kid Like Me; AFI at JFK; 6:30 & 9pm; 833-9300
State of Seige (see April 6)
7th Seal / Smiles of a Summer Night (see April 5)

EVENTS

exhibit - Arts & Crafts; GWU; noon-5; all welcome; 676-6435
sports - Nat'l Rugby Tournament; Anacostia Park; starts 11am; free; 644-5144
sale - New & Used Music & Instruments; Thos. Jefferson Comm. Ctr.; 10am-4pm; 558-2161
Ann Bike-In to Cherry Blossom Parade, from various parts of Va. & Md. 426-6700
circus - (see April 3)

SUNDAY, APRIL 8

BIRTHDAYS

Julian Lennon, Steve Howe (Yes)

MUSIC

Loggins & Messina; DAR Const. Hall; \$4.50-\$6.50; 8:30; 338-5992
Tom Rush (see April 2)
Colin Heath & Ty Ford; Theatre Project; 8:30; (301) 539-3090
Indianapolis Symphony; JFK; \$3.50-\$6.75; 3pm; 254-3776
Harvard Glee Club; JFK; \$1-\$6.50; 8pm
Hootenany; Cellar Door; 338-3389